

*The History of*

*Fal.* You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worle then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old sacke, die whē thou wilt, if māhood, good māhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhand in England, & one of them is fat, & growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of al cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now, Woltack, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A kings son? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, & driue all thy subiectes afore thee like a flock of wildegeese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you horson round man, whats the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and Poines there.

*Poin.* Zounds yee fat paunch, and ye cal me coward, by the Lord, Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pounce I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the sholders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wipt since thou drunkst last.

*Fal.* All's one for that.

*He drinketh.*

A plague of al cowards stil say I.

*Pri.* Whats the matter?

*Fal.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it? lacke, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my

*Henry the*

my buckler cut through and hand-saw: ecce signum. I neuer would not doe. A plague of al speake more or lesse then truth of darknesse.

*Gad.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Ross.* We foure set vpon fo

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my

*Ross.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were ne

*Fal.* You rogue they were ama Iew else, and I brew Iew.

*Ross.* As we were sharing,

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest,

*Prince* What, fought yee wi

*Fal.* All? I know not wh with fifty of them, I am a bun two or three and fifty vpon p leg'd creature.

*Prince.* Pray God, you hau

*Fal.* Nay, that's past pray

*thē.* Two I am sure I haue pay I tel thee what, Hal, if I tell th horse: thou knowest my olde my point; foure rogues in buc

*Prin.* What, foure? thou sai

*Fal.* Foure, Hal, I told thee

*Pomes.* I, I, he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all a I made no more adoe, but too get, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there we

*Fal.* In buckrom.

*Pomes.* I, foure, in buckrom

*Fal.* Seuen, by these hiltes

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone

*Fal.* Doe st thou heare me

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too,